

T H E
BRITISH POETS.


V O L. XVII.

E D I N B U R G H:

**Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.**

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE M. S.

BRITISH POETS



Printed by A. Kew and W. Green,
and J. Harrison,
M. DCC. LXXXII.

P O E M S

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;



V O L. I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

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VOL. I.

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and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
L I O N E L,
EARL OF
DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. 'Tu Marcellus eris,'—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But, I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and, were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spoke one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by se-

veral streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and, with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgement in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgement by reading and digesting the best authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom;

'Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat :'

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgement, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse; and Dr Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the court tasted his *Hudibras*; Wicherly, that the town liked his *Plain Dealer*; and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his *Rehearsal*, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him

again. If we wanted foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, 'till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equaled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claud Lorraine's landscapes: It looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength; they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

'The best good man, with the worst natur'd Muse.'

yet even here, that character may justly be applied to

him, which Persius gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived :

‘ Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

‘ Tangit, et admissus circum praeecordia ludit,’

and the gentleman had always so much the better of the satyrift, that the persons touched, did not know where to fix their resentments ; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated ; like the verses and sayings of the antient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, tho’ they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business love it most : My Lord Dorset’s character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public. But, whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life ; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York : His behaviour, during that campaign, was such, as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers, before he passed the Granicus ; or William the first of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the King, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity ; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment ; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject ; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims ; so he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his

youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest; and carried on his part of that great enterprize here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham; 'till the dangers of those times increased to extremity; and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen: Then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes; a great share in their friendship; and all the marks of distinction, with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their Majesties household; a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign, (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom, during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatned by any imminent danger, he left

the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to shew his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked thro' the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that, thro' the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character: If I examine it not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gayly spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, that he did not

know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: But the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If, therefore, we set the piece in its worst position; if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings, and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend ; and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation ; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness ; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects ; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after : For he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home : And an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness that every man should have his due was such, that you would think he had never seen a court : The politeness

* Sprat. Hist. of the Royal Society.

and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should rise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then, too, his good nature did not consent to it without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this, amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and, while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life, and sat as visibly predominate over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven above her sister-virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened, by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazar and the sick, as he

accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty, and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Maecenas, the protectors of learning; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But, for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *deliciae humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good, in proportion, out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

*Ille dies——quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebō.*

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of your's; and, when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might expect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope that, as I may hereafter bind up my

fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection : Happy if, in all my endeavours, I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction, I am, with all duty and respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, tho' without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces, which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come, public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the produce of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good friend and school-fellow Mr Dibben, for his excellent version of the *Carmen Seculare*; though my gratitude may justly

carry a little envy with it, for I believe the most accurate judges will find the translation exceed the original.

I must likewise own myself obliged to Mrs Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Must help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, and according to the several years in which they were written; however, the disposition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed, cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever. And it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his *Exegi Monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication, likewise, is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is

going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: His equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence, and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestedness. And, as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation, has bred, and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Mons. Jourdain sold his silk: He would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,



On Exodus iii. 14. I am that I am.

A N O D E.

Written 1688, as an Exercise at St JOHN's College,
CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN ! foolish man !

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began ;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art ;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride ;

Mortify thy learned lust :

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

B 2

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;
 The helm let politic experience guide:
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
 Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What, tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis farther from its end;

And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
 And, 'EYPHKA! your God, forsooth is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite.
 But is he therefore found? Vain searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect definition show,
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
 Why should its num'rous waters stay
 In comely discipline, and fair array
 Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching thro' different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun
 With measur'd steps, his radiant journeys run?

Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
 To beautify the world, and bless the night?

Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere:

Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity

These unfathom'd wonders try:
 With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains;
 And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws:
 Then with imagin'd sov'reignty
 Lord of this new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns: How long? till some usurper rise;
 And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shews,
 That all his predecessors rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
 That he on t'others ruin rears his throne;
 And shows his friends mistake, and thence confirms
 his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
 Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
 To reason's batt'ries, or the mines of wit :
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press;
 And levelling at God his wandring guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
 Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill :
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
 and live,
 Thro' either ocean, foolish man !
 That pregnant word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there ;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for ev'ry star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide ;
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
 Explaining how perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and eternal dy'd :
 How by her patient victor death was slain ;
 And earth profan'd, yet blest'd with deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;
 Only reserve the sacred one :
 Low, reverently low,

Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
 Weep out thy reason's, and thy body's eyes ;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise ;
 To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reason's glimmering light, shall give
 Her immortal perspective ;
 And grace's presence nature's loss retrieve ;
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent
 So politic an instrument,
 To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd ;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
 Which faith had dictated, and angels trod.

To the COUNTESS of EXETER, playing
 on the Lute.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race
 you sprung,
 Have been the pleasing subjects of my song :
 Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
 Of Ca'ndish beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
 But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse,
 What greater theme your music can produce ;

My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone:
But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And soon they worshipp'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the poet tell;
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's pow'r, your music must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place.
That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts de-
stroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native heav'n you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here, your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know,
That there's a heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while Luke his skill express,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest:

So when you play, some godhead does impart
 Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;
 Some cherub finishes what you begun,
 And to a miracle improves a tune.
 To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
 Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
 The raging flames ; but struck with strange surprise,
 Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes :
 But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded, and his crime atton'd :
 Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town :
 Malice to music had been forc'd to yield ;
 Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

PICTURE of SENECA dying in a Bath. By
 JORDAIN. At the right honourable the
 EARL of EXETER's at Burleigh-house.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
 The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
 By study worn, and slack with age,
 How dull, how thoughtless is his rage ?
 Heighten'd revenge he should have took ;
 He should have burnt his tutor's book ;
 And long have reign'd supreme in vice :
 One nobler wretch can only rise ;
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The Stoic's image in this piece.

For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and wholer

A N O D E.

I.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
 On power, you know, I must obey ?
 Exert a legal tyranny ;
 And do an ill, because you may ?
 Still must I thee, as atheists heav'n adore ;
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace ;
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind :
 Soon must those glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find :
 The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye,
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
 A hateful wrinkle more appears ;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 27

And putting peevish humours on,
Seem but the sad effect of years :
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal vows
Will shew thee just above neglect :
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect :
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn ;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight, as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone ; nor come so far,
As liking any youth beside :
What men e'er court thee, fly them and believe
They're serpents all ; and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage ;
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age :
 So time itself our rapture shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

A N E P I S T L E,
 T O
 FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, Esq;

S I R, *Burleigh, May 14. 1689.*

AS once a twelvemonth to the priest,
 Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
 The Spanish king present a Jennet,
 To shew his love ;----that's all that's in it :
 For if his Holiness would thump
 His rev'rend bum, 'gainst horse's rump,
 He might b' equipt from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.
 Or, as with Gondola's and men, his
 Good excellence the Duke of Venice
 (I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
 Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring ;
 Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance :
 For else, in honest truth, the sea
 Has much less need of gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
 For Popish families beyond sea;
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
 Bring landlord's pepper corn for rent;
 Present a Turkey, or a hen
 To those might better spare them ten:
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I
 (For first men instance, then apply)
 Send you each year a homely letter,
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay respect, and not show wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no petition in it,—faith.
 Here some would scratch their heads, and try
 What they should write, and how, and why;
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 'tis laid,
 That thought is trouble to the head;
 I argue thus: The world agrees,
 That he writes well, who writes with ease:
 Than he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heav'n, like inward light:
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;
 The god, not we, the poem makes;
 We only tell folks what he speaks.
 Hence, when anatomists discourse,
 How like brutes organs are to ours;
 They grant, if higher pow'rs think fit,
 A bear might soon be made a wit;

And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satyr.

Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing;
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and teach us,
The god makes not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versa put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romish bakers praise the diety
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The god inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the cholic in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throws 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters shou'd be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;

This may confine their younger stiles,
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Wills ;
 But never could be meant to tye
 Authentic wits, like you and I :
 For as young children, who are try'd in
 Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding ;
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such machine no longer ;
 But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
 On horse call'd hobby, or without :
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old Busbey walks us in a theme,
 Whose props support our infant vein,
 And help the rickets in the brain :
 But when our souls their force dilate,
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate ;
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,
 Nor six-pence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says ;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,
 Counts writers merits by the sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,
 As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you ;
 I hope y' are well ; so God be wi' you ;
 Was all I thought at first to write :
 But things since then, are alter'd quite ;
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high ;
 So God knows when my clack will lie :
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
 And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
 Where with my granam I have gone;
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,
 And I well hop'd the pudding next;
 Now to apply has plagu'd me more,
 Than all his villain cant before.
 For your religion, first of her
 Your friends do sav'ry things aver:
 They say, she's honest, as your clarer,
 Not four'd with cant, nor stunn'd with merit;
 Your chamber is the sole retreat
 Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night:
 Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
 When lay-man herds with man divine:
 For if their fame be justly great,
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat;
 That his is greater, we must grant,
 Who will treat nuncio's Protestant.
 One single positive weighs more,
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the French;
 Deny to have your free-born toe
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
 Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
 The public welfare, in your private:
 And will, for England's glory try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
 And keep your places 'till you die.

For me, whom wandering fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the town and you;

Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country life.—Imprimis,
 As soon as Phoebus' rays inspect us;
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
 So on, 'till foresaid god does set,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
 Thus, of your heroes, and brave boys,
 With whom old Homer makes such noise,
 The greatest actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such as you have whilom con'd;
 That treat of China's civil law,
 And subject's right in Golconda;
 Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
 That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
 Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
 As well almost as Count Lauzun;
 Of unicorns and alligators,
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger matters:
 Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in,
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
 And hypers upon them again;
 From whose remarks I give opinion
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits that fear and sham,
 Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
 From whom I jests and puns purloin,
 And sily put 'em off for mine:

Fond to be thought a country-wit :
 The rest,----when fate and you think fit.
 Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
 To bottl'd ale, and neighbouring vicar ;
 Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
 Squire Shepherd's health,----with all my heart.
 Thus, without much delight, or grief,
 I fool away an idle life ;
 'Till Shadwell from the town retires,
 (Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires,)
 To bless the wood with peaceful lyric ;
 Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
 Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
 And wreaths round William's glorious head.

To the COUNTESS of DORSET. Written
 in her Milton. By Mr BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone,
 Such charming words, our beauteous mother spoke,
 As Milton wrote, and such as your's her look.
 Your's, the best copy of th' original face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :
 Such chains no author could escape but he ;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

To the LADY DURSLEY, on the same
subject.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd;
Our common loss unjustly you complain;
So small that part of it which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race;
Kind Nature, forming them, the pattern took
From heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual guile defiles your soul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a heav'n for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as your's had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our blefs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

To my Lord BUCKHURST, very young,
playing with a Cat.

THE am'rous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:

Nature the pow'r of love obey'd :
 The cat became a blushing maid ;
 And, on the happy change, the boy
 Employ'd his wonder, and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r :
 Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
 Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat ;
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore ;
 Will easily forgive the boar.
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow ;
 With jealous rage her breast will glow :
 And on her tabby rival's face
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

A N O D E.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of our mind ;
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess,
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas, but little art,
 To have this fatal secret found ;
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love;
 While you as op'ning east are fair?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove;
 How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release:
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

A S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love?
 Alas! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain?
 Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempest loose:
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains :
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow.)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :
His grief some pity, others blame ;
The fatal cause all kindly seek :
He mingled his concern with theirs ;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears ;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest ;
And she too kind concern express'd ;
And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast should tear ;
Which never shou'd offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;

You are the cause of all my care :
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd :
 And yet, I pardon you, she cry'd :
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE,
 Esq;

I.

HOwe'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
 Through fate's perverse Macander errs,
 He can imagin'd pleasures find,
 To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
 Which ne'er had being but in thought :
 Each, like the Grecian artist, woo's
 The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes ;
 He argues against demonstration ;
 Pleas'd when his reason he deceives ;
 And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
 Has struggl'd with continu'd sorrow,
 Renews his hope, and blindly lays
 The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes: 'Tis noon, 'tis night;
 This day like all the former flies:
 Yet on he runs to seek delight
 To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
 At objects in an airy height:
 The little pleasure of the game
 Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
 In search of what we like, employ:
 Scorning at night the worthless prey,
 We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
 To the mind's eye things well appear:
 They lose their forms, and make a mass
 Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
 Then what avails it to have eyes?
 From ignorance our comfort flows;
 The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lie down in death :

This cheat of life would take no more ;

If you thought fame but empty breath ;

I Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

HYMN to the SUN. Set by Dr Purcel, and
sung before their Majesties on New-years-
day, 1694.

I.

LIGHT of the world, the ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career ;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own,
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or bless'd a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r was
known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confest'd,
So the returning year be bless'd,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow ;
As his Summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweats around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our aera's move :
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
 Active and fierce, like thee appear :
 Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
 When clad in rising majesty,
 Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confess'd,
 With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd.
 Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
 The raging Python to destroy,
 And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
 Gather all the smiling hours;
 Such as with friendly care have guarded
 Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
 Such as with conquests have rewarded
 Triumphant victors happy cares;
 Such as story has recorded
 Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
 For countries sav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
 And bid them form the happy day,
 The happy day design'd to wait
 On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
 Let the happy day be crown'd
 With great event, and fair success;
 No brighter in the year be found,
 But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power ;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Chuse out other smiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising ;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising ;
Such as many courfers ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign ;
And in the typic glory show,
What fuller bleſs Maria ſhall beſtow.

VII.

As the ſolemn hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the dance
Many fraught with all the treaſures,
Which thy eaſtern travel views ;
Many wing'd with all the pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or heav'n diſcuſe ;
That great Maria all thoſe joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her ſubjects flow,

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſov'reign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days :
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting works with William's name ;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme :

Eternal structures let them raise,
 On William and Maria's praise;
 Nor want new subject for the song;
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store;
 'Till nature's music lies unstrung;
 'Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double pow'r;
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

C ELIA and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
 And, on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep:
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 With secret joy I heard her say,
 That she would never miss one day
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
 Impending tempests charge the sky;
 The light'ning flies, the thunder roars;
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shoars.
 Struck with the horror of the sight,
 She turns her head and wings her flight;
 And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
 Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry :
When thou art in good humour drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee :
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love :
I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip, or wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh :
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
And the poor sailor that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make ;
While love and fate still drive me back :
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP: A PASTORAL.

By Mrs Elizabeth Singer.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
 And rising night the evening shade extends;
 While pearly dew o'erspreads the fruitful field;
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
 Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
 What from our hearts, our Muses may indite.
 Nor need we in this close retirement fear,
 Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SYLVIA,

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
 Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
 A stranger to the loose delights of love,
 My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
 And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
 Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
 With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
 Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
 Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing,
 Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
 For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
 The happy youth above each rival reigns.

Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
 In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
 When loud applauses fill the crouded groves;
 And Phoebus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Amynta is as early light,
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
 In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
 And on the plain when she no more appears;
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
 In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
 In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
 And to the silent night their notes prolong:
 Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
 Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
 In some obscure recreat I lonely stray;
 All day to the repeating caves complain
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
 Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
 Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
 Amynta is my Muse's softest theme:
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:
 With fair Amynta's name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows.
 And consecrate to him eternal vows :
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove :
 He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

To the AUTHOR of the foregoing Pastoral.

BY Sylvia if thy charming self be meant;
 If friendship be thy virgin vows extent;
 O! let me in Amynta's praises join;
 Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
 When for thy head the garland I prepare;
 A second wreath shall bind Amynta's hair;
 And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
 Alternate verse shall bless Amynta's name :
 My heart shall own the justice of her cause :
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.

But, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
 If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains;
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains :
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
 The flame propitious, and the lover kind :
 May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
 And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure;
 May ev'ry god his friendly aid afford;
 Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
 Permit one thought less cheerful to arise;

Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess;
 And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

To a LADY: She refusing to continue a Dis-
 pute with me, and leaving me in the Ar-
 gument.

A N O D E.

I.

S PARE, gen'rous victor, spare the slave,
 Who did unequal war pursue;
 That more than triumph he might have
 In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
 My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
 And in my looks you might have read
 How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
 Might have sustain'd an open fight:
 For seldom your opinions err;
 Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, wou'd you not rely
 On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
 Cou'd I their prevalence deny,
 I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
 I only to the fight aspir'd :
 To keep the beauteous foe in view
 Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
 Contemns the wrath too long delay'd :
 And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
 Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight :
 She drops her arms, to gain the field :
 Secures her conquest by her flight;
 And triumphs when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
 And from the hostile camp withdrew ;
 With cruel skill the backward reel
 He sent, and, as he fled, he slew.

Seeing the DUKE of ORMOND'S Picture at
 Sir Godfrey Kneller's.

OUT from the injur'd canvass, Kneller, strike
 These lines too faint : The picture is not like
 Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again :
 Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
 Place Ormond's duke : Impendent in the air
 Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,

Where'er it points denouncing death : Below
 Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow :
 Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
 He faints : His steed no longer bears the rein;
 But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
 Stern vengeance yet and hostile terror stand :
 His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
 The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
 Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.---
 O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress;
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know;
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow;
 In spite of time thy work might ever shine;
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

*Atque in amore mala haec proprio, summeque secundo,
 Inveniuntur---* LUCRET. Lib. 4.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love;
 If its excess and fury be not known,
 In what thy Celia has already done?
 Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
 In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;

With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear :
In vain I strove to check my growing flame ;
Or shelter passion under friendship's name :
You saw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd :
And, when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd----

Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd aid ;
Ere reason could support the doubting maid ;
My soul surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex behind :
From your command her motions she receiv'd :
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest'd be Cytherea's shrine ;
And fires eternal on her altars shine ;
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound ;
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone ;
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones fate has in its pow'r.---

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture born ;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye ;
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh :
Invading fears repel my coward joy ;
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose :

But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of time born swift away:
I'as but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of use to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verse has said
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway. [cease;

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may
And, as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
Or angry heav'n may quicker darts prepare;
And sickness strike what time a while would spare.
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew?
Then will his throbbing heart to mine be true?
When my own face deters me from the glass;
And Kneller only shews what Celia was.

Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name:
And quickly cold indiff^rence will ensue,
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends;
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die:

When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail;
 When fair occasion shews the springing gale; [sail.
 And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells the
 Some wretched lines from this neglected hand,
 May find my hero on the foreign strand, [mand.
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-
 While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
 To the rude censure of the world is left;
 Her mangl'd fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
 Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror,
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r;
 Forfake the provinces that bless his sway,
 To vanquish those that will not yet obey.
 Another nymph with fatal pow'r may rise,
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confess'd;
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have bless'd:
 You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain;
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm;
 And her embraces want the pow'r to warm;
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
 More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.
 Just gods! all other things their like produce:
 The vine arises from her mother's juice:
 When feeble plants or tender flow'rs decay,
 They to their seed their images convey.

Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds ;
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads :
 And when the parent rose decays, and dies ;
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear,
 Eludes the planter's miserable care :

While blooming love assures us golden fruit ;
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root : [shoot. }
 Soon fall the flow'rs of joy ; soon seeds of hatred }

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true ? }
 Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew }
 This cruel scene, unjust to love and you ? }
 Will you be only, and for ever mine ?
 Shall neither time, nor age our souls disjoin ?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn ?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, or forsworn ?
 And can you not for her you love do more,
 Than any youth for any nymph before ?

A N O D E.

Presented to the KING, on his Majesty's arrival in
 Holland, after the QUEEN's death, 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam chari capitis ? Praecepit lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene.

HOR.

I.

A T Mary's tomb, (sad, sacred place !)
 The virtues shall their vigils keep :
 And every Muse and every Grace
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

D 4

II.

The future, pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn ;
When late records her deeds repeat,
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad relics guard ;
'Till heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on her fair renown ;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If press'd by grief our monarch stoops ;
In vain the British lions roar :
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops ;
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattell'd princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead ;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand,
 Who still to conquest led the way ;
 Wishing him present to command,
 As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy, which to glow,
 Expanded on the hero's face ;
 When the thick squadrons press the foe,
 And William led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
 Restore them thy auspicious light,
 Great sun : With radiant beams destroy
 Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
 For Mary's setting rays atone :
 Our lustre, with redoubl'd force,
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with diff'rent strife
 Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn :
 So much she fears for William's life,
 That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy foster half
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve :
 But let her strength in thee be safe :
 And let her weep, but let her live.

POEMS UPON

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe ;
Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought ;
And hoary majesty sustain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms ?
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms ?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas :
While, for the safety of the king,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd ; 'tis gone : Sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars :
Happy, if toils may break his woe :
Or dangers may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear :
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince, let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd ;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which struck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near ;
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And fate obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes :
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd ;
Rais'd is her head ; her eyes are dry'd ;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd :
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign :
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy fame :
 Left the great mourner should forget,
 That all the race, whence Orange came,
 Made virtue triumph over fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
 And with his blood her freedom seal :
 Maurice and Henry guard that right,
 For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
 Thy fathers bloom and death may tell :
 Excelling others these were great :
 Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd ;
 And shew the world, that thou canst live
 Intrepid, as thy comfort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
 Must carry on its destin'd course ;
 Tho' death and envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live :
 Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own :
 New toils endure; new conquest give ;
 And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again ; tho' she be gone,
 Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair :
 And reign ; tho' she has left the throne,
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
 Breath'd to her king a useless pray'r :
 Fond Belgia never did implore,
 While William turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But, should the weeping hero now
 Relentless to their wishes prove ;
 Should he recal, with pleasing woe,
 The object of his grief and love ;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
 Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
 Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
 Her person only not ador'd :

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be check'd ;
 Yet ought his passion to abate ;
 If the great mourner would reflect,
 Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
 Great king, by long obeying thee :
 Her sceptre guided by thy hand,
 Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh ! 'twas little, that her life
 O'er earth and water bears thy fame :
 In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
 Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
 Receives its forms, thy virtues roll :
 From Mary's glory angels trace
 The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wife fate, which does its heav'n decree
 To heroes, when they yield their breath,
 Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
 Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
 Unbounded thro' all worlds to go :
 While she, great saint, rejoices heav'n ;
 And thou sustain'st the orb below.

In Imitation of ANACREON.

LET 'em censure : What care I ?
 The herd of critics I defy :
 Let the wretches know, I write
 Regardless of their grace, or spite.
 No, no, the fair, the gay, the young,
 Govern the numbers of my song.
 All that they approve is sweet :
 And all is sense, that they repeat.

Bid the warbling nine retire :
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre :
 Love shall be my endless theme :
 Pleasure shall triumph o'er fame :
 And when these maxims I decline,
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine :
 May I grasp at empty praise ;
 And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

A N O D E.

I.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
 But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
 When Cloe noted her desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
 I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembl'd :
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembl'd.

O D E,

Sur la Prise de NAMUR, par les Armes du
Roy, l'Année 1692.

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy ?
Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
Accourez, troupe sçavante,
De sons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres sont réjouis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites silence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aîles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports,
Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oui, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD.

On the taking of NAMUR by the King of
Great Britain, 1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HOR.

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it :
So might not Bacchus give you law ?

Was it a Muse, O lofty poet,

Or virgin of St Cyr, you saw ?

Why all this fury ? What's the matter,

That oaks must come from Thrace to dance ?

Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter ?

And is there no such wood in France ?

Why must the winds all hold their tongue ?

If they a little breath should raise,

Would that have spoil'd the poet's song ;

Or puff'd away the monarch's praise ?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies :

While virtue leads the noble way ;

Too like a vulture Boileau flies,

Where sordid int'rest shews the prey.

When once the poet's honour ceases,

From reason far his transports rove :

And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,

Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

VOL. I.

E

III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs fourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Basté ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend la fatal abord ;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, et la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclair au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans son sein infidèle
Par tout la terre y recèle
Un feu prest à s'élancer,
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre,
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funeraillles
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puissance
Ajourd'huy pourtant s'avance,

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
 Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban :
 They arm'd these rocks ; then show'd old Jove
 Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
 Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
 By human force could ne'er be shaken :
 But you and I in Homer read
 Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
 Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;
 But ne'er can William's force restrain :
 He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyn :
 Remember this, and arm the Sein.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
 With fire and sword the fort maintain :
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;
 Yet out they march'd like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
 Yet matters have been order'd so
 That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks :
 Their siege did ten long years employ ;
 We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.
 What godhead does so fast advance,
 What dreadful pow'r those hills to gain ?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France ;
 No godhead, but the first of men.

Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'est Jupiter en personne ;
Ou c'est le vainquer de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : C'est luy-mesme,
Tout brille en luy ; tout est roy.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour roy.
En vain il voit le Batave,
Deformais docile esclève,
Rangé sous ses étendars :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni sous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantez.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci de champs, ou la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
 To keep ev'n Mons's victor under :
 And that same Jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI

Our king thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
 To Bruxelles marches on secure,
 To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.
 After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the marshal great :
 He must perform the king's commission :
 Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
 And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
 That William wou'd preserve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,
 See every mother's son appear :
 In such a case, ne'er blame a foe,
 If he betrays some little fear.
 He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes ;
 Finds a small river in his way :
 So waves his colours, beats his drums ;
 And thinks it prudent there to stay.
 The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
 The marshall cares not to march faster :
 Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here,
 We fancy'd all it was his master,

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les jumeaux effrayez,
Des froids torrens de Décembre
Les champs par tout sont noyez.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proie à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et sous les urnes frangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous ses trésors submergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramassez tous vous nuages ;
Rassemblez tous vous soldats.
Malgré vous Namur, en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Besançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent :
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
 Disguise the marshal's plain disgrace :
 No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?
 The world will say he durst not pass.
 Why will not Hyades appear,
 Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre ?
 Just as they did that mighty year,
 When you turn'd June into December.
 The water-nymphs are too unkind
 To Vill'roy ; are the land-nymphs so ?
 And fly they all, at once combin'd
 To shame a general and a beau ?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
 May join to finish William's story :
 Nations set free may bless his name ;
 And France in secret own his glory.
 But Ipres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
 Bensancon, Ghent, St Omers, Lysle,
 Courtray, and Dole—Ye critics, say,
 How poor to this was Pindar's stile.
 With eke's and also's tack thy strain,
 Great bard, and sing the deathless prince,
 Who lost Namur the same campaign
 He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out :
 I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
 Of those confounded drums : No doubt
 Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.

Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre,
Semblent tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers,

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : Vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ses approches :
Voyez grimper sur ses roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoutable
Toujours un fort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le suit à grands pas.

Dear me! a hundred thousand French
 With terror fill the neighb'ring field;
 While William carries on the trench,
 Till both the town and castle yield.
 Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
 Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id est, one marischal of France
 Tells t'other he can come no higher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
 Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post:
 For, having seen it, thou canst say
 The steps by which Namur was lost.
 The smoak and flame may vex thy sight:
 Look not once back: But, as thou goest,
 Quicken the squadrons in their flight;
 And bid the d---l take the slowest.
 Think not what reason to produce,
 From Louis to conceal thy fear:
 He'll own the strength of thy excuse;
 Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
 That us'd to shine so like a star:
 The gen'als could not get together,
 Wanting that influence, great in war.
 O poet! thou had'st been discreeter,
 Hanging the monarch's hat so high;
 If thou hadst dubb'd thy star, a meteor,
 That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

Grands défenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : Il en est temps :
Courage ; vers la Mehagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vu sur leur foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez vous la traverser ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoy ! leur seul aspect vous glace ?
Ou sont ces chefs plein d'audace,
Jadis si prompts a marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Drave soumise,
Jusqu'a Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déjà jusques a ses portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes,
La flamme et le fer en main :
Et sur les monceaux des piques,

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray :
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day.
It knows Versailles, its proper station ;
Nor cares for any foreign sphere :
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force ;
And William met them in their way :
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
What has friend Boileau left to say ?
When his high muse is bent upon't,
To sing her king,---that great commander,
Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander ;
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris.

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire :
Leave 'em behind you, honest friend :
And with your country-men retire.
Your ode is spoilt ; Namur is freed ;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due :

De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un signal pour se rendre :
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez votre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et deormais gracieux,
Allez a Liege, a Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris a vos yeux.

So good Count Guiscard may proceed ;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.---

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe thro' Flanders ;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.

Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain :

He the same play by land has shewn,

As Tourville did upon the main.

Yet is the marshal made a peer :

O William, may thy arms advance ;

That he may lose Dinant next year,

And so be constable of France.

Presented to the KING, at his Arrival in
HOLLAND, after the Discovery of the
Conspiracy 1696.

Serus in coelum redeas; diuque
Laetus intersis populo Quirini :
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat-----

Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal fate
Ordains, on earth, and human acts to wait;
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall :
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own;
When first they merit, then ascend the throne :
But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
Transfer the pow'r, and set the people free :
See rescu'd Britain at your altars bow :
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court :
That law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands ;
And rigid justice reads the fatal word ;
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can sep'rate parricides from sons ;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains.

And thou, great minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest :
Thou, who of old wert sent to Israel's court,
With secret aid great David's strong support ;
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless jav'lin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield ;
When pow'r divine did sov'reign right declare ;
And cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare :

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same ;
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame ;
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand :
Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land.

We angels forms in pious monarchs view :
We reverence William ; for he acts like you ;
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world and give it peace.

Indulgent fate our potent pray'r receives ;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives :
The hero dear to earth, by heav'n belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd :
His foes must aid to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, tho' with sudden rage the tempest comes ;
Tho' the winds roar ; and tho' the water foams ;
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel subject frown :
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her pow'r ;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore ;
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat :
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown :
 The pow'rs that rescu'd, shall preserve the throne.
 Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
 Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way :
 His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare,
 Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
 Bless'd by aspiring winds he finds the strand
 Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nations stand
 Blessing his safety, proud of his command. }
 In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
 On their great leader's praise; by turns they tell,
 And listen each with emulous glory fir'd,
 How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd :
 How Belgia freed the hero's arm confess'd,
 But trembl'd for the courage which she blest.

O Louis, from this great example know,
 To be at once a hero, and a foe :
 By sounding trumpets, here, and rat'ling drums,
 When William to the open vengeance comes :
 And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
 Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then close ambush, and perfidious war,
 Down to your native seats of night repair.
 And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
 Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
 In brazen knots, and everlasting chains.
 (So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains)
 While on the iv'ry chair, in happy state,
 He sits, secure in innocence, and great
 In regal clemency; and views beneath
 Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

To CLOE weeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The cheerful birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a show'r,
 The brooks beyond their limits flow;
 And louder murmurs keep their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against love.
 Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

To Mr HOWARD: AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love,
 Poets and painters never are secure;
 Can I untouch'd the fair one's passions move?
 Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
 The darling idol of his captive heart;
 And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
 To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes ;
 Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembl'd as he drew :
 Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize,
 And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son was near,
 What different tortures does his bosom feel ?
 Great was the rival, and the god severe :
 Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
 With pity saw the ill conceal'd distress ;
 Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
 And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
 Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
 And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;
 Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r ;
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Tho', to convince thee that the friend did feel
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have sooth'd the flame, I could not heal ;
 Giv'n thee the world ; tho' I with-held the fair.

Love disarmed.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Cloe half a sleep was laid,
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 And in that heav'n desir'd to rest :
 Over her paps his wings he spread :
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestl'd in his little head.

Still lay the god : The nymph surpris'd,
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd,
 How she the vagrant might inthral,
 And captive him, who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd
 About his arms she slyly cast
 The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
 Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray ;
 And on thy bosom lost his way :
 Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,
 He never there must hope to dwell.
 Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
 Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
 To know or care where Cupid flies ;

What are his haunts, or which his way ;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray :

Yet will I never set thee free :

For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart !

I'll give thee up my bow and dart :

Untangle but this cruel chain,

And freely let me fly again.

Agreed : Secure my virgin heart :

Instant give up thy bow and dart :

The chain I'll in return unty ;

And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus she the captive did deliver ;

The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day

Passes his life in harmless play ;

Flies round, or sits upon her breast,

A little, flutt'ring, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid

Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;

Directs his arrows as she wills :

Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills.

CLOE Hunting.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses ty'd,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Cloe went : She lost her way,
And thro' the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid ;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia turn, he said ;

The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
 Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake ;
 And, laughing cry'd, learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
 Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow :
 Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neigh'ring grove
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar ; or chase the flying deer :
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim ;
 At human hearts we sling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID and GANYMEDE.

IN heav'n, one holy-day, you read
 In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
 Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
 A main, to pass an hour, or so.
 The little Trojan, by the way,
 By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
 The god unhappily engag'd,
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted ;
 Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted :
 In ready money, all the store
 Pick'd up long since from Danae's show'r ;
 A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts ;

His nine-pins, made of myrtle wood ;
(The tree in Ida's forest stood)
His bowl pure gold, the very fame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame ;
Two table books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers ;
Merchandise rare ! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true ;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals ;
Rich trifles ; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets !
Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his pow'r :
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise ; those darts——come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede ; the usual trick :
Seven, slur a six ; eleven ; a nick.

Ill news goes fast : 'Twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew :
Too late she found the thing too true,
Guess how the goddess greets her son :
Come hither, sirrah ; no, begone ;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?
A comrade you for Ganymede ?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page ;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy :
A prince's son ! a black-guard boy !
A sharper that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.

All heav'n is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd less:
For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name)
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd:
Nor shall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd:
When thou, nor man, nor god, can't wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false: The darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I undone?

The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not, we e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crouded altars still shall smoke:
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your pow'r,
And rise a swan, or fall a show'r.

CUPID Mistaken.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river;
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New-strung his bow, new-fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart :
 With all his might his bow he drew.
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint ! I die ! the goddess cry'd :
 O cruel, couldst thou find none other,
 To wreck thy spleen on, parricide !
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :
 Alas ! how easy my mistake ?
 I took you for your likeness Cloe.

VENUS Mistaken.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown ;
 Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her own.
 And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
 When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride :
 And who's blind now, mamma, the urchin cry'd ?
 'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
 Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest.

A S O N G.

IF wine and music have the pow'r,
 To ease the sickness of the soul ;
 Let Phoebus ev'ry string explore ;
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl
 Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Cloe's absence light ;
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great :
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn ;
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours ;
 And all the day be thine alone.

The D O V E.

-----Tantaene animis coelestibus irae!

VIRG.

I.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
 That passion can depress or raise
 The heavenly as the human mind :
 Who dare deny what Virgil says ?

II.

But if they should ; what our great master
 Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove.
 Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
 Of having lost her fav'rite dove.

III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd ;
 His grief reliev'd his mother's pain ;
 He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
 But she should have her dove again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
 I know the felon well enough :
 But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
 Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longest dart he took,
 As constable would take his staff :
 'That gods desire like men to look,
 Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's subaltern, a duteous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear :
Each had his lanthorn in his hand :
And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed :
(At once I write, alas ! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go :
St Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one :
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting day.
Folks at her house at such an hour !
Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?

X.

The door is open'd : Up they run :
Nor prayers nor threats divert their speed :
Thieves ! thieves ! cries Susan ; we're undone :
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours : For all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprise.
 O Cupid, is this right or law!
 Thus to disturb the brightest eyes
 That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
 List'ning, and fearful of the storm
 Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
 Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
 Viewing the tow'ring falcon nigh?
 She cuddles low behind the brake:
 Nor would she stay; nor dares she fly.

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid,
 When gazing on her midnight foes;
 She turn'd each way her frighted head,
 Then sunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
 Incognito: For Susan said,
 It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber---
 And Susan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, since we have no present need
 Of Venus for an episode;
 With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
 And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head; hold up your hand :
 Would it were not my lot to show ye
 This cruel writ, wherein you stand
 Indicted by the name of Cloe :

XIX.

For, by that secret malice stirr'd,
 Or by an emulous pride envited,
 You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird
 In which my mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
 Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet.
 A rose-tree in a lily bed
 Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are you not whom virgins fear,
 And widows court? Is not your name
 Cupid? If so, pray come not near---
 Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
 Or do with her you call your mother?
 If I should meet her in my way
 We hardly courtsey to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
 Witness that what I speak is true;
 I would not give my paroquet
 For all the doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please :
(The rage that rais'd, adorn her voice)
Upon yon toilet lie my keys,

XXV.

Her keys he takes ; her doors unlocks ;
Through wardrobe and through closet bounces ;
Peeps into ev'ry chest and box ;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces,

XXVI.

But dove, depend on't, finds he none ;
So to the bed returns again :
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poultry cannot yet be found :
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
Or may be in the tea-pot drown'd ?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast ;
A place, nor god, nor man denies,
For Venus' dove the proper nest.

XXIX.

Search then, she said ; put in your hand ;
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me :
As guilty I, or free may stand,
Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to love can trust;
 He scorns, and breaks all legal power:
 Into her breast his hand he thrust;
 And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O whither do those fingers rove,
 Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
 O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
 Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two; and (pray look child) 'tis four.
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear----
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak:
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree----
 See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made,
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd.
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd;
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY and CUPID.

IN sullen humour one day Jove
 Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
 Commanding Cupid to deliver
 His store of darts, his total quiver;
 That Hermes should the weapons break,
 Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand :
 He found his man, produc'd his warrant :
 Cupid, your darts---this very hour-- -
 There's no contending against power,

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
 I think I said : And you'll allow,
 That Cupid was as bad as he :
 Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come kinsman (said the little god)
 Put off your wings, lay by your rod ;
 Retire with me to yonder bower ;
 And rest yourself for half an hour :
 'Tis far indeed from hence to heav'n ;
 And you fly fast ; and 'tis but seven.
 We'll take one cooling cup of nectar ;
 And drink to this celestial Hector----

He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r !
 He, Leda's swan, and Danae's show'r !
 Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain ;
 And mind his thunder, and his rain.---
 My darts ? O certainly I'll give 'em :
 From Cloc's eyes he shall receive 'em :

There's one, the best in all my quiver,
 Twang! thro' his very heart and liver.
 He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave :
 Good lord ! what bustle shall we have !
 Neptune must straight be sent to sea ;
 And Flora summon'd twice a-day :
 One must find shells, and t'other flow'rs,
 For cooling grotts, and fragrant bow'rs,
 That Cloe may be serv'd in state :
 The Hours must at her toilet wait :
 Whilst all the reasoning fools below,
 Wonder their watches go too slow.
 Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
 For jewels for her hair and breast :
 No matter tho' their cruel haste
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
 No matter tho' this fleet be lost ;
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
 What whisp'ring in my mother's ear !
 What care, that Juno should not hear !
 What work among you scholar gods !
 Phoebus must write him am'rous odes :
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose
 His letters in submissive prose :
 Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
 The honour of my mystic reign,
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.
 Dear couz, said Hermes in a fright,
 For heav'n fake, keep your darts : Good night.

ON BEAUTY. A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is *this*?
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
 'Tis the first offspring of the Graces:
 Bears diff'rent forms in diff'rent places;
 Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
 Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
 'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
 Pandora's box of good and harm;
 'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream;
 Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theseus thro' the maze;
 And sent him home with life and praise:
 But *this* undid the Phrygian boy;
 And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece;
 And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This thro' the east just vengeance hurl'd,
 And lost poor Anthony the world.
 Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom;
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
 Appeas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire;
This set Persepolis on fire.
 For *this*, Alcides learn'd to spin:
 His club laid down, and lion's skin.
 For *this*, Apollo deign'd to keep,
 With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
 For *this* the father of the gods,
 Content to leave his high abodes,

In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan ;
 For *this* he re-assumes the nod,
 (While Semele commands the god)
 Launces the bolt, and shakes the poles ;
 Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
 Here list'ning Cloe smil'd and said ;
 Your riddle is not hard to read :
 I guess it—Fair one, if you do ;
 Need I, alas ! the theme pursue ?
 For *this* thou see'st, for *this*, I leave
 Whate'er the world thinks wise and grave,
 Ambition, business, friendship, news,
 My useful books, and serious Muse.
 For *this* I willingly decline
 The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine ;
 And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
 (As thy great orders may decree),
 Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,
 Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

The QUESTION, to LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire, or trust,
 But Cleo beauteous, Cloe just ?
 What nymph should I desire to see,
 But her who leaves the plain for me ?
 To whom should I compose the lay,
 But her who listens when I play ?

To whom in song repeat my cares,
 But her who in my sorrow shares?
 For whom should I the garland make,
 But her who joys the gift to take,
 And boasts she wears it for my sake?
 In love am I not fully blest'd?
 Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe just, and Cloe fair
 Deserves to be your only care:
 But when you and she to-day
 Far into the wood did stray,
 And I happen'd to pass by;
 Which way did you cast your eye?
 But when your cares to her you sing,
 Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
 Does it not more afflict your heart,
 That in those cares she bears a part?
 When you the flow'rs for Cloe twine,
 Why do you to her garland join
 The meanest bud that falls from mine?
 Simplest of swains! the world may see
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

The GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day:
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : Pr'ythee tell ;
That falling tear---What does it mean ?

VII.

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : And to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See, yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone !

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her throwd !

X.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day ;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justness of thy Cloe's sorrow.

The LADY who offers her Looking-glass to
VENUS.

VENUS take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask me why I weep,
Vex'd Cloe to her shepherd said:
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtile questions and replies;
Emblems to teach a female wit
The ways where changing Cupid flies.

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse
The general pow'r that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glass which was at Venus' shrine
With such mysterious sorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
 Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
 She should be humble who would please;
 And she must suffer who can love.

VI.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look,
 Of Venus what did I implore?
 That ev'ry grace which thence I took
 Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verse; who heeds, said I,
 If here or there his glances flew?
 O free for ever be his eyes
 Whose heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My bloom, indeed, my little flow'r
 Of beauty quickly lost its pride:
 For, sever'd from its native bow'r,
 It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
 Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth:
 Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
 And time less permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
 Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free:
 O Damon, 'tis the only woe
 I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The secret wound with which I bleed
 Shall lie wrapt up even in my hearse :
 But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
 My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER to CLOE JEALOUS, in the same
 Stile. The Author sick.

I.

YES, fairest proof of Beauty's pow'r,
 Dear idol of my panting heart,
 Nature points this my fatal hour :
 And I have liv'd, and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed :
 That nothing may disturb thy life,
 Content I hasten to the dead.

IV.

Yet, when some better-fated youth
 Shall with his am'rous parly move thee ;
 Reflect one moment on his truth,
 Who, dying, thus persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face?
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
 Pr'ythee, quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world:

II.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

III.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I write,
 Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong:
 You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:
 Od's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
 The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art:
 I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose.
 And they may have my whimsies, but thou hast my
 heart.

V.

The god of us verse-men (you know child) the Sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run:
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

VI.

So, when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,
 To thee my delight in the evening I come:
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way:
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war,
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
 And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit;
 When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
 Yield, sister; rival, yield: Naked, you see,
 I vanquish: Guess how potent I should be,
 If to the field I came in armour dress'd,
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.
 The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd:
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
 Thou to be strong must put off every dress:
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness:
 And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd),
 By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

To a GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
 And lull my wearied soul to rest:
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but Love—and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
 To painted roofs, and shining spires
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)
 Let the unthinking many croud,
 That dare be covetous and proud:
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state:
 But, oh! my Celia, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again;
 May heav'n around this destin'd head
 The choicest of its curses shed:
 To sum up all the rage of fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate:
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast
 Fond Celadon his soul express'd;
 While with delight the lovely maid
 Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid:

Hope of my age, joy of my youth.
Blest miracle of love and truth !
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine :
A real joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy passion true :
A real grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
Thro' waters, and thro' flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and solace of thy woe.
Trace me some yet unheard of way,
That I thy ardour may repay ;
And make my constant passion known,
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear ;
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.
No : Venus shall my witness be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his pow'r and pride ;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.
" O happy these of human race !"
But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.

He thank'd her on his bended knee ;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea ;
 And leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court to beg a place.
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed ;
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies ;
 And wanton wenches read romances ;
 Our sex will---what? out with it. Lye;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A pofy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verfe will be confin'd :
 Love is a jeft, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANÆ, when fair and young
 (As Horace has divinely fung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brafs.
 The reason of the thing is clear ;
 Would Jove the naked truth aver :
 Cupid was with him of the party ;
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty :

For, give that whipster but his errand;
 He takes my lord chief-justice' warrant:
 Dauntless as death away he walks;
 Breaks the doors open; snaps the locks;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
 Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar
 Make us less curious, her less fair?
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep?
 Does she to no excess incline?
 Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
 Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
 To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend:
 That spy is guarded by your friend.----
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
 How much he wishes she were free?
 May he not craftily infer
 The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust;
 Which make him wretched, to be just?

And may not she, this darling she,
 Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood;
 Easy with him, ill-us'd by thee,
 Allow this logic to be good?
 Sir, will your questions never end?
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.
 In short, I keep her from the sight
 Of ev'ry human face.---She'll write.
 From pen and paper she's debarr'd.---
 Has she a bodkin and a card?
 She'll prick her mind.---She will, you say:
 But how shall she that mind convey?
 I keep her in one room: I lock it:
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.
 The key-hole, is that left? Most certain.
 She'll thrust her letter thro'---Sir Martin.
 Dear angry friend, what must be done?
 Is there no way?---There is but one.
 Send her abroad; and let her see,
 That all this mingled mass, which she
 Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
 A staple of romance and lies,
 False tears, and real perjuries:
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold;
 And love is made but to be told:
 Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share:
 And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame.

Let her behold the frantic scene,
 The women wretched, false the men :
 And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run ;
 Receive her with extended arms :
 Seem more delighted with her charms :
 Wait on her to the park and play :
 Put on good humour ; make her gay :
 Be to her virtues very kind :
 Be to her faults a little blind :
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd :
 And clap your Padlock----on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
 Married a lass of London mould :
 Handsome? enough ; extremely gay :
 Lov'd music, company, and play :
 High flights she had, and wit at will :
 And so her tongue lay seldom still :
 For in all visits who but she,
 To argue, or to repartee ?

She made it plain, that human passion
 Was order'd by predestination ;
 That if weak women went astray,
 Their stars were more in fault than they :
 Whole tragedies she had by heart ;
 Enter'd into Roxana's part :

To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good,
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
O that dear conqueror of the world!
She pity'd Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.

She, first of all the town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else could so much virtue mean?
For to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her cloaths were huddl'd on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes sure;—but is the colonel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn in summer to Hyde-park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain;
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform; but durst not blame.

At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life:
 Told her, how transient beauty was;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass:
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces;
 And doubl'd down the useful places.
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r:
 And Cleopatra was read o'er,
 When Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet:
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same:
 The dame went out: The colonel came.

What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd:
 Another batt'ry must be try'd:
 What if to spells I had recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means:
 He only sins who ill intends:
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear
 (For name him and he's always near)
 Not in the shape in which he plies
 At miss's elbow when she lies;
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars;
 But without sawcer eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says; I bring relief.
 Relief, says Hans : Pray let me crave
 Your name, sir,——Satan——Sir, your slave;
 I did not look upon your feet :
 You'll pardon me :——Ay now I see't :
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell ?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well ?
 All well : But pr'ythee honest Hans,
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance :
 The truth is this : I cannot stay
 Flaring in sun-shine all the day :
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites,
 Love more the fresco of the nights;
 And oft'ner our receipts convey
 In dreams, than any other way.
 I tell you therefore as a friend,
 Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end :
 Go then this evening, Master Carvel,
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare :
 To night I'll bring it, by my faith ;
 Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans. Glad ? not a little ;
 Obey'd the devil to a title ;
 Invited friends some half a dozen,
 The colonel, and my lady's cousin.
 The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;
 Catches were sung ; and healths went round :
 Barbadoes waters for the dose ;
 'Till Hans had fairly got his dose.

The colonel toasted to the best ;
 The dame mov'd off, to be undrest :
 The chimes went twelve ; the guests withdrew :
 But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
 Some modern anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his elbow chair ;
 From thence was carry'd off to bed :
 John held his heels, and Nan his head.
 My lady was disturb'd : New sorrow !
 Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair ;
 And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
 Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid ;
 The duty of the night unpaid :
 The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
 That made her hate both him and rest :
 By such a husband, such a wife !
 'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :
 The lady sigh'd ; the lover snor'd :
 The punctual devil kept his word.
 Appear'd to honest Hans again ;
 But not at all by madam seen :
 And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king ;
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake :
 'Twill do your business to a hair.
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extreme ;
 (All this was only in a dream)

And thrusting it beyond his joint.
 'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.---
 What point, said she, you ugly beast?
 You neither give me joy nor rest:
 'Tis done.---What's done, you drunken bear?
 You've thrust your finger G---d knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
 Says wife professor Vander Bruin.
 By flames a house I hir'd was lost
 Last year; and I must pay the cost.
 This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
 And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
 A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
 The gipsy knows her pow'r, and flies.
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin;
 And great thy wisdom, Vander Bruin.

PAULO PURGANTI and his WIFE: An
 honest, but a simple pair.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute,
 quod deceat; quod cogitatione magis a virtute po-
 test quam re separari. CIC. de OFF. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and settl'd rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,

The better sort should set before 'em
 A grace, a manner, a decorum ;
 Something, that gives their acts a light ;
 Makes 'em not only just, but bright ;
 And sets 'em in that open fame,
 Which witty malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting :
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting ;
 From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face :
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault :
 Yet if the colouring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air ;
 To nicest judgment show the piece ;
 At best 'twill only not displease :
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye :
 Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus, in the picture of our mind,
 The action may be well design'd ;
 Guided by law, and bound by duty ;
 Yet want this *je ne sçay quoy* of beauty ;
 And though its error may be such,
 As Knags and Burgefs cannot hit ;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wycherley's or Congreve's wit.
 What is this talk ? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown---
 With all my heart,----for once ; read on.

An honest, but a simple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife :
No woman led a better life :
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :
She chuckl'd when a bawd was carted ;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had ;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or dead,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede-----
In short, all lewdness she defy'd :
And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that same ;
And could from scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close ;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus, though she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine :
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli
She let him almost burst his belly :

Thus drying coffee was deny'd;
But chocolate that loss supply'd:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret!
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.
She often set the doctor's band,
And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon;
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch:-----
About his waste in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprits,
The doctor understood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin, too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show),
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy, he could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is cunctando.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear,
Our don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did sure as trumpet call to battle;

Thought it extremely *a propos*
 To ward against the coming blow !
 To ward : But how ? ay, there's the question ;
 Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The doctor feign'd a strange surprise :
 He felt her pulse ; he view'd her eyes ;
 That beat too fast : These roll'd too quick :
 She was, he said, or would be sick :
 He judg'd it absolutely good
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood :
 Spaw-waters for that end were got :
 If they pass'd easily or not
 What matters it ? the lady's fever
 Continu'd violent as ever.
 For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
 Whate'er might be our doctor's notions

One luckless night, then, as in bed
 The doctor and the dame were laid,
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With madam in this piteous taking ?
 She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,

And won't allow him rest, though waking.
 Sad state of matters ! when we dare
 Not ask for peace, nor offer war ;
 Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
 What in this juncture may be done.

Grotius might own that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve;
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature cou'd:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain;
(Though no great Greeks), in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring song:
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and groan'd, and burn'd:
At last, I wish, she said, my dear,—
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)
You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why, poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.—

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,
 The lady with a sigh replies !
 But life, you know, at best is pain :
 And death is what we should disdain.
 So do it, therefore, and adieu :
 For I will die for love of you.—
 Let wanton wives by death be fear'd ;
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

The L A D L E.

THE sceptics think 'twas long ago,
 Since gods came down incognito :
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose :
 That, since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a-spinning ;
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion and from pain ;
 And frankly leave us human elves
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now and painters hold
 This thesis both absurd and bold :
 And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day :
 Else all these things we toil so hard in
 Would not avail one single farthing :
 For when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions and our verse ;

'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his Latium he is brought ;
Iris descends, by Fate's commands,
'To guide his steps through foreign lands :
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache,)
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length :
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
The nymphs conduct him to the field :
One holds his sword, and one his shield :
Mars standing by asserts his quarrel ;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute :
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight ;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em :
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

It is in equilibrio
If deities descend or no :
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale :
For by all parties 'tis confess'd,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
 One Mercury, the t'other Jove :
 The humour was (it seems) to know
 If all the favours they bestow
 Could from our own perverseness ease us;
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godfhips came :
 Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night,
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
 That in difguife a god or goddefs
 Exerts no fupernat'ral pow'rs,
 But acts on maxims much like ours.

They fpy'd at laft a country-farm,
 Where all was fng, and clean, and warm;
 For woods before, and hills behind,
 Secur'd it both from rain and wind :
 Large oxen in the fields were lowing :
 Good grain was fow'd : Good fruit was growing :
 Of laft year's corn in barns great ftore ;
 Fat turkeys gobbling at the door :
 And wealth (in fhort) with peace confented,
 That people here fhould live contented :
 But did they in effect do fo ?
 Have patience, friend, and thou fhalt know.
 The honeft farmer and his wife,
 Two years declin'd from prime of life,
 Had ftruggled with the marriage-noofe,
 As almoft ev'ry couple does :
 Sometimes, my plague ! fometimes, my darling !
 Kiffing to-day, to-morrow fnarling ;

Jointly submitting to endure
 That evil, which admits no cure.
 Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd :
 Our farmer met 'em in the yeard ;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay :
 Told 'em, for supper or for bed,
 They might go on, and be worfe sped.---

So said, so done: The gods consent.
 All three into the parlour went.
 They compliment; they sit; they chat;
 Fight o'er the wars; reform the state :
 A thousand knotty points they clear,
 Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kifs'd the dame :
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.
 Jove kifs'd the farmer's wife, you say.
 He did—but in an honest way :
 Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,
 With which he kifs'd Amphitryon's wife.---

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd :
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous would appear ;
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here :
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace cup serv'd, the cloth away,
 Jove thought it time to show his play :

Land-lord and land-lady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this thesis plainer proof,
 You have to night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods : (Nay never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam :
 And sure as you already had 'em
 The things desir'd in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says :
 Oh! may your altars ever blaze.
 A laddle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish——
 A laddle! cries the man, a laddle!
 'Odzooks, Corsica, you have pray'd ill :
 What should be great, you turn to farce :
 I wish your laddle in your a-----

With equal grief and shame my Muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues :
 The laddle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old Corsica's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last.
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the laddle out again.

M O R A L.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts.
His head aches for a coronet :

And who is bless'd that is not great ?

Some sense and more estate kind heav'n
To this well-lotted peer has giv'n :

What then ? He must have rule and sway :

And all is wrong, till he's in play.

The miser must take up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum ;

The sickly dotard wants a wife,

To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will :

Amidst our plenty, something still

For horses, houses, pictures, planting,

To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

That cruel something unpossess'd

Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.

That something, if we could obtain,

Would soon create a future pain :

And to the coffin, from the cradle,

'Tis all a wish, and all a ladle.

Vof. I.

Written at Paris, 1700. In the beginning of ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe;
When on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy fav'rite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number sure they may allow:
For pasture ten, and ten for plough:
'Tis all that I won'd wish or hope,
For me and John, and Nell, and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not fortune spoil the jest)
To those, who at the market-rate
Can barter honour for estate.

Now, if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy vot'ry truly blest,

Let curst revenge, and saucy pride
To some bleak rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.

And, goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son,
(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove,
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say:
And thy petitioner shall pray.

Written in the beginning of MEZERAY'S
history of France.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

I.

III.

It strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,

All covet life, yet call it pain :
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure :
Can sense this paradox endure ?

Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

IV.

The man in graver tragic known
(Tho' his best part long since was done)

Still on the stage desires to tarry :

And he who play'd the Harlequin,

After the jest still loads the scene,

Unwilling to retire, tho' weary.

Written in the NOUVEAUX INTERESTES
des PRINCES de l'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS ad Animam suam.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Palidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

By Monsieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne, [vas,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sçache ou tu
 Tu pars seulette, nue, et tremblotante, hélas!
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOOR little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
 Must we no longer live together?
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither.
 Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
 Lies all neglected, all forgot:
 And, pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

A Passage in the MORIAE ENCOMIUM of
 Erasmus imitated.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy state,
 See settled Reason on the judgment seat;
 Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
 And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care:
 Far from the throne the trembling Pleasures stand,
 Chain'd up or exil'd by her stern command.

Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen,
 Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;
 And apish Folly, with her wild resort
 Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.
 See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
 To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
 Bless'd the usurper! happy the surprise!
 Her mimic-postures catch our eager eyes;
 Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
 And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
 Against our judgment she our sense employs:
 The laws of troubl'd reason she destroys;
 And in their place rejoices to indite
 Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

To Dr SHERLOCK, on his practical Discourse
 concerning DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse, who, in unhallow'd strains,
 The saint one moment from his God detains:
 For sure, whate'er you do, whate'er you are,
 'Tis all but one good work, one constant pray'r:
 Forgive her, and intreat that God, to whom
 Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
 To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
 Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wond'rous good man! whose labours may repel
 The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell:
 Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God was sent
 The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

'Thee youth shall study, and no more engage
 Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age;
 No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
 Chase fleeting pleasures through this maze of life;
 Finding the wretched all they here can have,
 But present food, and but a future grave:
 Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
 This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.
 Decrepit age shall read thee, and confess,
 Thy labours can assuage, where med'cines cease:
 Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
 Their drops that sweeten their last dregs of life:
 Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath:
 Own riches gather'd trouble; fame a breath;
 And life an ill, whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
 Their sense untutor'd infancy may know:
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought;
 Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught:
 Easy in words, thy stile in sense sublime;

On its bless'd steps each age and sex may rise:
 'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.
 Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r:
 'Tis public health, and universal cure:
 Of heav'nly manna 'tis a second feast;
 A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
 And various death for various crimes she fear'd.
 With your kind work her drooping hopes revive:
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.

You wrest the bolt from heav'n's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O! save us still; still bless us with thy stay;
O! want thy heav'n, till we have learn'd the way:
Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon;
And for the church's good defer thy own.
O live! and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then, in full age and hoary holiness,
Retire, great teacher, to thy promis'd bliss:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just;
Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks:
Till judgment calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes:
Till through the utmost earth, and deepest sea
Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,
In haste to clothe our kindred souls again;
Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'st the fight,
To paths of joy, and tracts of endless light,
Lead up all those who heard thee and believ'd:
'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd;
And glad all heav'n with millions thou hast sav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the Year 1700.

To the KING.

*Aspice, venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo :
 O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae
 Spiritus, et quantum sat erat, tua dicere facta!*

VING. Eclog. 4.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
 Into the long records of ages past;
 Review the years in fairest action dress'd;
 With noted white, superior to the rest;
 Acers deriv'd, and chronicles begun
 From empires founded, and from battles won:
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
 And happy pow'r, sustain'd by wholesome laws:
 In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth;
 Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth;
 The glorious parallels then downward bring,
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king:
 With equal justice and historic care
 Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare:
 Confess the various attributes of fame
 Collected and complete in William's name:

To all the list'ning world relate,
 (As thou dost his story read),
 That nothing went before so great,
 And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war;
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth
 From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.

Then turn to her fair written page;
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age.

The glories of her empire trace;
 Confront the heroes of thy Roman race;
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains;
 But yet the Sabin's violated charms
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew;
 On ev'ry altar laid the incense due;
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war,
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good;
 Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
 Fabius was wise, but, with excess of care,
 He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war;
 While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
 And by their strict examples taught,
 How wild desires should be controul'd;
 And how much brighter virtue was than gold;

They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide;
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd;
And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes:
But patriots fell ere the dictator rose.
And while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd, the city chain'd.

IV.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd;

But be their failings too confess'd:

Their virtues, like their Tiber's flood
Rolling, its course design'd the country's good:
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed:
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the scale:
Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair:
Till heav'n a better race of men supplies:
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemagne,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won.

From the first William, our great Norman king,
 The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring,
 Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
 In foreign fields, to check Britannia's foes.
 With happy laws her empire to sustain,
 And with full pow'r assert her ambient main;
 But sometimes too industrious to be great,
 Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
 They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight;
 And made proud conquest trample over right:
 Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
 And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace,
 The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
 Devoted lives to public liberty;
 The chief still dying, or the country free.
 Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
 From warlike Cornet through the loins of Beau;
 Through Chalons next, and there with Nassau join,
 From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
 Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
 Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north;
 Till heav'n's decrees by rip'ning time are shown;
 Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
 And the fair rivals live forever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind; and as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace,
 Finding some of Stuart's race
 Unhappy, pass their annals by:

No harsh reflection let remembrance raise :
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise :
 But as thou dwell'st upon that heav'nly * name,
 To grief for ever sacred as to fame,
 Oh! read it to thyself ; in silence weep :
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep ;
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound ;
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'st thou farther look ?
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book :
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life ;
 How, like Alcides, he began ;
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms :
 When conquer'ing mild ; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd ;
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd :
 Superior to the blind events
 Of little human accidents ;
 And constant to his first decree,
 To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free ; [knee. }
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant }

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring ;
 And see the hero perfect in the king :
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
 And pow'r supreme by free consent obey'd :

* MARY.

With how much haste his mercy meets his foes;
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
 With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd,
 His favours granted ere his throne address'd:
 What trophies o'er our captive hearts he rears,
 By arts of peace, more potent than by wars?
 How o'er himself, as o'er the world he reigns;
 His morals strength'ning what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already spun,
 Becoming grace and proper action run:
 The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
 Mix'd with no crime, and shaded with no fault;

No footsteps of the victor's rage
 Left in the camp where William did engage:

No tincture of the monarch's pride
 Upon the royal purple spy'd:
 His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,

The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
 Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat;

For ever coming out the same,
 And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William just;
 To faithful history his actions trust:

Command her, with peculiar care,
 To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war:

His saving wonders bid her write
 In characters distinctly bright;

That each revolving age may read
 The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:

And still the fire inculcate to his son
 Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
 That William's glory still may live;
 When all that present art can give,
 The pillar'd marble and the tablet brass
 Mould'ring, drop the victor's praise:
 When the great monuments of his pow'r
 Shall now be visible no more:
 When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood,
 And children ask where Namur stood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
 How she contemn'd th' approaching foe!
 Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
 And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
 Jove and Pallas, mighty pow'rs,
 Guided the hero to the hostile tow'rs.
 Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
 When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
 Embattl'd nations strive in vain
 The hero's glory to restrain:
 Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire
 In vain against his force conspire.
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
 And, lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
 The hero from the height beheld:
 He spake the word, That war and rage should cease:
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow;
 And dictated a lasting peace
 To the rejoicing world below.

To rescu'd states, and vindicated crowns,
 His equal hand prescrib'd their antient bounds;
 Ordain'd whom ev'ry province should obey;
 How far each monarch should extend his sway:
 Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd;
 And that the prince below'd was truly fear'd.
 Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
 Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good:
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
 Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect'd:
 Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful wings,
 Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
 Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
 Created by too great a thought:
 Mindless of the god and day,
 I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
 From thee and from myself born far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdains
 To mind the rider's voice, or bear the reins:
 When glorious fields and opening camps he views;
 He runs with an unbounded loose:
 Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse:
 Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force;
 With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring;
 While she through earth and air pursues the king!

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore;

Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars.

She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds and winter-seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease ;
Daring to wield the scepter's dang'rous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state :
Tho' ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endure'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms ;
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme ;
And plunges after him thro' Boyne's fierce stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the hero past.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest King.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave :
Firm he rejects the altars she wou'd raise ;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him thro' Belgia's land,
And countries often sav'd by William's hand ;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which free'd the people but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme ;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same :

When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy, brave,

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight :
She sets our hero in another light :
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace :
She brings Astrea down to earth again,
And Quiet brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unwearied wing the goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores ;
Where jarring empires ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;
'Till William's word, like that of fate, declares,
If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world refers its common cause !
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions trust !

XXII.

From the Maeotis to the northern sea,
The goddess wings her desp'rate way ;
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
Whose sov'reign terror forty nations dread,
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace :
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and as he rows his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.

But her own king she likens to his Thames,
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams :
 Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
 Swift without violence, without terror great.
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves :
 Each Shepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves :
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose :
 Fresh flow'rs for ever rise : And fruitful harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous goddess go :
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below ?
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
 And fields where mad Bellerophon was lost ?
 Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd,
 By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd ?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice :
 To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
 Yet upward she incessant flies ;
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
 And tell great Jove, she sings his image here ;
 To ask for William an Olympic crown,
 To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown :
 'Till lost in trackless fields of shining day,
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only cou'd explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,
 She from the noble precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
 Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate !
 The song too daring, and the theme too great !
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continu'd annals live, to sing
 A second hero, or a vulgar king ;

And with ignoble safety fly,
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars and the num'rous throng,
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
'Till by thy high commands releas'd;
'Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight:
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph born,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand,
Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
(Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:

Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd ;
Teach the great hours to scatter as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy :
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule, and better metal ham'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand ;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand :
From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and distant war ;
Of which let her, great Heav'n, no portion bear. }
Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale :
And as she wills, let either part prevail :
Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn :
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn :
Around her coast let strong defence be spread : }
Let fair abundance on her breast be shed :
And heav'nly sweets bloom round the goddess' head. }

XXVII.

Where the white tow'rs and ancient roofs did stand,
Remains of Wolfey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame ;
Let a young Phoenix raise her tow'ring head :
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread ;
And by her greatness shew her builder's fame :
August and open, as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts design'd :
Let ev'ry sacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.

The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh ; and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threat'ning Death :
 (For so was saving Jove's decree compleat,)
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd :
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
 Boyn shall raise his laurel'd head ;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving thro' the wounded stone.

XXVIII

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair heav'n, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy fainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats and shields
 Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms ; nor fears those arms should shine
 With an unequal ray ; or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the same
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling see'st great Dorset's worth confess,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast :

Born to protect and love, to help and please;
 Sov'reign of wit, and ornament of peace:
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt,
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit. }

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting legal pow'r, and just command:
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
 The father's star transmissive to the son.
 From thee the Talbots and the Seymours race
 Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace:
 Happy may their sons receive
 The bright reward, which thou alone canst give.

XXXII.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide;
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
 Jersey, belov'd by all, (for all must feel
 The influence of a form and mind,
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
 Like mingl'd streams, more forcible when join'd)
 Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
 Shall there receive the azure band,
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
 Familiar to the Villier's name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
 Be our great master's future charge;
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
 High schemes of government, and plans of wars;

By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
 To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
 To lead them out from safe ere op'ning dawn,
 Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
 Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care;
 And chaces give them images of war,
 To teach them vigilance by false alarms;
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
 Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
 Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
 To give the rein, and in the full career,
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
 Planting societies for peaceful arts;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found;
 And by experiment make precept sound;
 Some that to morals shall recal the age,
 And purge from vitious dross the sinking stage;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech:
 That from our writers distant realms may know
 The thanks we to our monarch owe;
 And schools profess our tongue thro' ev'ry land,
 That has invok'd his aid, or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high pow'r the drooping Muses rear:
 The Muses only can reward his care:
 'Tis they that give the great Atrides' spoils:
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;

To them, great William's glory to recal,
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall,
 Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,

The sources of their treasure hide :
 The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre :

On William's fame their fate depends :
 With him the song begins ; with him it ends,
 From the bright effluence of his deed

They borrow that reflected light,
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole
 In happy tides let active commerce roll :

Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
 Richer than Argos brought to antient Greece :

Returning loaden with the shining stores,
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.

As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way,
 Let all the naval world due homage pay ;

With hasty rev'rence their top-honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted power,

To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway,
 To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our pray'rs are heard, our master's fleets shall go
 As far as winds can bear, or waters flow ;

New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
 In world's unknown to plant Britannia's pow'r ;

Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
 And teach 'em arms, and arts, in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear
 The list'ning people shall his story hear,
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd;
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
 Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Inquiring how, and when from heav'n he came.
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,

Nor bear to see their vassal's ty'd :

When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
 His forty years for public freedom fought,

Europe by his hand sustain'd,

His conquest by his piety restrain'd,

And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore

Ideas of destructive power ;

Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour :

New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,

And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ;

When the great father's character they find

Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind ;

And own a present deity confess'd,

In valour that preserv'd, and power that bless'd.

XL.

Through the vast convex of the azure sky,

(For thither nature casts our common eye),

Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,

And comets march with lawless horror bright ;

Those hear no rule, no righteous order own;
 Their influence dreaded, as their ways unknown:
 Thro' threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,
 Till ardent prayer averts the public woe:
 But the bright orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
 Rules not his actions by capricious will;
 Nor by ungovern'd pow'r declines to ill:
 Fix'd by just laws, he goes for ever right:
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated fate conspire
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
 Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
 Ere William cease to rule, and bless below:
 But a relentless destiny,
 Urges all that e'er was born:
 Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
 The demigod: The earthly half must die.
 Yet, if our incense can your wrath remove;
 If human prayers avail on minds above;
 Exert, great god, thy int'rest in the sky;
 Gain each kind pow'r, each guardian deity,
 That, conquer'd by the public vow,
 They bear the dismal mischief far away:
 O! long as utmost nature may allow,
 Let them retard the threaten'd day;
 Still be our master's life thy happy care:
 Still let his blessings with his years increase:
 To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:

Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last.

XLII.

Long let this growing æra blifs his sway :
And let our sons his present rule obey :
On his sure virtue long let earth rely :
And let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero thro' his father's sky,
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious, speed,
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed ;
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great ;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cythera's son,
Sire of the Latian, and the British throne ;
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove.
Late, Janus, let the Nassau star
New-born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,
And guide the prosp'rous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light.

A N O D E.

Inscribed to the memory of the Honou-
rable Colonel GEORGE VILLIERS,
drowned in the river Piava, in the coun-
try of Friuli, 1703. In imitation of
Horace, Ode 28. lib. 1.

*Te maris et terrae, numeroque carentis arenae
Menforem cohibent, Archyta, &c.*

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end),
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail;
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search thro' ev'ry clime thy country's foes?
That thou might'st fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age? }
In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.

Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance: [dance. }
 Peoples great Henry's tombs; and leads up Holben's }

Alike must ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage :
 For neither William's pow'r, nor Mary's charms
 Could or repel, or pacify his arms :
 Young Churchhill fell, as life began to bloom :
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head :
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd ;
 Mecaenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde ;
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journies, which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
 And modern As——l, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea ;
 Some who escape the fury of the wave,
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave :
 In journeys or at home, in war or peace.
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.
 Each changing season does its poison bring ;
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring :

Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r :
 And when obedient nature knows his will,
 A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads :
 And on the spacious land, and liquid main
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
 Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood ;
 Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
 With fatal speed was urging his return ;
 In his dear country, to disperse his care ;
 And arm himself by rest for future war :
 To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years :

Oh ! destin'd head ; and oh ! severe decree ;
 Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see ;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come :
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd :
 Winds murmur ; snows descend ; and waters spread :
 Oh ! kinsman, friend----Oh ! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice ; strong destiny replies ;
 Weep you on earth ; for he shall sleep below :
 Thence none return ; and thither all must go.
 Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or bus'ness leads
 To this sad river, or the neighb'ring meads :
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
 To find the object which this verse deplores ;

Cleanse the pale corps with a religious hand
 From the polluting weed and common sand ;
 Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave ;
 (The only honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw :
 And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow :
 Light lie the earth ; and flourish green the bough. }

So may just heav'n secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers, and domestic strife :
 And when th' infernal judge's dismal pow'r
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;
 When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now ;
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform, to that which once was thee

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at Court before the QUEEN, on
 her Majesty's birth-day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy night :
 Again transmit your friendly beams to earth :
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth :
 And thou, propitious star, whose sacred pow'r
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the sun :

With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n :
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n :
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore :
 Prolong one life ; and Britain asks no more :
 For virtue can no ampler pow'r express,
 Than to be great in war, and good in peace ;
 For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
 Than to enjoy that virtue ' still the same.'
 Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove
 Who founds her greatness on her subjects love ;
 Who does our homage for our good require ;
 And orders that which we should first desire :
 Our vanquish'd will that pleasing force obey ;
 Her goodness takes our liberty away ;
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
 Great as he is, her delegate in war ;
 Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
 That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
 While the bright Queen does on her subjects show'r
 The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r ;
 Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
 To temples zeal, and manners to the stage ;
 Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear ;
 And wit be that which heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield ;
 Secure of conquest, sent him to the field :
 The hero acted what the queen ordain'd ;
 So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time amidst her native temples fate
 The goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,

Taught 'em in laws and letters to excell,
 In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus while she did her various pow'r dispose;
 The world was free from tyrants, wars, and woes;
 Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose. }

A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux;
 occasioned by the victory of Blenheim.

M,DCC,IV.

——Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: Neque enim quivis horrentia pillis

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspidè Gallos-----

HOR. sat. i. l. 2.

SINCE hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
 Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
 Must of a man immortal vainly boast;
 And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they coast:
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
 On the event of that superior day,
 In which one English subject's prosp'rous hand
 (So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
 Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
 Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?
 From the lost field an hundred standards brought
 Must be the work of chance, and fortune's fault:
 Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
 That fatal day the mighty work was done,
 With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun. }

Some daemon envying France missed the fight :
And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme ?
And tho' the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts---who would mention in heroic---Wurts ?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign ;
The Danube rescu'd, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd ?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene ?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes ?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumly bear !
Would Ingoldby or Palmes offend thy ear ?
And is there not a sound in Marlbro's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame ?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read :
Place me the valiant Gouram in his steed :
Let the intention make the number good :
Let Generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command,

* Epistre iv. du Sr. Boileau Despreaux au Roi.
En vain, pour se louer, &c.

With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree ?

' In one great day on Hockstet's fatal plain
' French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain ;
' Push'd thro' the Danube to the shores of Styx
' Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty six :
' Officers captive made and private men,
' Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
' Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
' Cannon, and kettle-drums'—sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you English bards compose ?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose ?
And when you should your hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why, faith Despraux, there's sense in what you say :
I told you where my difficulty lay :

So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the Muse's
To make the rough recital aptly chime, [toils.
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard, what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day ?
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last coronation-feast ?

Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
 And Newton's thought in Dryden's style repeat ?
 O poet, had it been Apollo's will,
 That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill :
 Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam ;
 Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme :
 Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,
 Beneath the shades of Malbro's wreaths to live ;
 Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice ;
 And to their fav'rites strain exalt her voice,
 Arms and a queen to sing ; who, great and good,
 From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring flood,
 Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
 To save the nations from invading hands,
 To prop fair liberty's declining cause,
 And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

'The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
 Attended by the gods of war and love :
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear ;
 And as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
 With active dance should her observance claim ;
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name.
 Their master Thames should leave the neighb'ring shoar,
 By his strong anchor known, and silver oar ;
 Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet,
 And audience mild with humble grace intreat.
 To her his dear defence he should complain,
 That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign ;
 Whilst farther seas are by his fleets survey'd,
 And on his happy banks each India laid ;

His bretheren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war:
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighb'ring force:
And all must weep sad captives to the Sein,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen,
The valiant sov'reign calls her gen'ral forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall:
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distressed:
Placing the saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him, virtue arm'd must conquer lawless pride.

The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind;
When to his sight a heav'nly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever fought, and blest'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and pow'r, and fame;
(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name);
Me the great Father down to thee has sent:
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have:
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.
Dare then; thou much belov'd by smiling fate:
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great;

Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
 My future fav'rite, and my darling son.
 At Schellenberg I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings again
 Conspicuous o'er thy helm in Blenheim's plain.

The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
 But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is thro' Britain known:
 And thronging armies to his standard run,
 He marches thoughtful; and he speedy sails:
 (Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him ye gales!)
 Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
 And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores.
 His presence only must retrieve that loss:
 Malbro' to her must be what William was.
 So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred-gods:
 Alcides, respited by prudent fate,
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance:
 Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
 The British general dooms the fight; his sword
 Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word,
 Anne and St George! the charging hero cries;
 Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring wood replies,
 Anne and St George----At that auspicious sign
 The standards move; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours, time measures out the sands;
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands:
 The ninth, Victoria comes:---O'er Marlbro's head
 Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:---
 Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
 From Tyber's banks than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise;
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
 With wonder (tho' with envy still) pursu'd by hu-
 man eyes.

But we must change the style—Just now I said,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade.
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost.
 Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
 Point out the game, and animate the flight;
 That from Marseilles to Calais France may know,
 As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too!
 And either laurel does in Britain grow!
 That, tho' amongst ourselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate;
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause),
 We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France.
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy master or thy muse;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains;
 While Marlbro's arm eternal laurel gains;
 And where a Spenceer sung, a new Elisa reigns.

For the PLAN of a FOUNTAIN, on which
 is the Effegies of the QUEEN on a tri-
 umphal Arch, the Figure of the DUKE
 of MARLBOROUGH beneath, and the
 chief Rivers of the world round the
 whole work.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and furthest nations know,
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
 How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro' fought.

' Quacunq; aeterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
 ' Divisis late terris, populisque remotis
 ' Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit et Ister,
 ' Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.'

THE CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own;
 But borrows from his neighbours hue
 His white or black, his green or blue;
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon sight;
 As if the rain-bow were in tail
 Settled on him, and his heirs male;

So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country-school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth is fit
To be a statesman or a wit ;
Without one notion of his own,
He sanTERS wildly up and down,
'Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad ;
Admits him in among the gang :
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him.

'Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news ;
He takes up their mysterious face :
He drinks his coffee without lace :
This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before.
His wisdom sets all Europe right ;
And teaches Marlbro' when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit :
He loves cheap-port, and double bub ;
And settles in the Hum-Drum club :
He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks Champaine among the wits ;

Five deep he toasts the tow'ring lasses;
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
 Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
 And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair,
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear;
 So peevish was the edict of the may'r) }
 At Southwark therefore as his tricks he show'd,
 To please our masters, and his friends the croud;
 A huge neats-tongue he in his right hand held:
 His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
 Why, how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean?
 Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak:
 Your emble---(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was which thou art now;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.

But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou controul ;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
 Bow then, says Andrew, and, for once, I will :
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;
 Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less :
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong ;
 But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.

A rev'rend prelate stopp'd his coach and fix,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on (he cry'd) this fellow is no fool.

A S I M I L E.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop ?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see,
 ('Tis but by way of simile),
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round a rolling cage ?
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top---
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs :
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 173

In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods.
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses found,
Brought back, how fast foe'er they go ;
Always aspiring, always low.

T H E F L I E S.

SAY, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out), what blue bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel),
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate :
My valour sav'd the sinking state,
So talk two idle buzzing things ;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought :
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought :
No merit in their own behaviour :
Both rais'd but by their party's favour.

From the GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
 The moral says, mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats :
 He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes ;
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
 Yet, sighing, he says, we must certainly break :
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak :
 For of late I invite him---but four times a week. }

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation ;
 But John, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation :
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou loves to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It costs thee more in whips than hay.

To a Person who wrote ill, and spoke worse
against me.

LIE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable self;
Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
Then why should I answer, since first I must read
thee?
Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club;
To the damage alone of thy bookseller, Brag.

Pursue me with satir; what harm is there in't;
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
 There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

On the same Person.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs.
 Phoebus, give Philo o'er himself command;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere.

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose,
 May spoil what you to-night propose:
 England may change, or Cloc stray:
 Love and life are for to-day.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

A Poem written three Hundred Years since.

BE it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne;
 Affyrmyng this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine,
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man againe.
 For lete a man do what he can,
 Ther favour to attayne;
 Yet yf anew do them pursue,
 The furst true lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banishyd man.
 I say not nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayde,
 That woman's fayth is as who saythe,
 All utterly decayed.
 But nevertheles right good witnes
 I' this case might be layde,
 That they love trewe, and contynewe,
 Record the NUT-BROWN MAYDE.
 Which from her love (whan her to prove,
 He came to make his mone)
 Wold not depart; for in her herte
 She lovdy but him alone.

Than betwene us, lettens discusse,
 What was all the manner
 Between them too: We wyle also
 Telle all the peyne and fere
 That she was in. Now I begynne,
 So that ye may answere.
 Wherefore all ye, that present be,
 I pray ye give an care.

MAN.

I am the knyght: I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Saying, alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banishyd man.

WOMAN.

And I your wylle for to fulfyll
 In this will not refuse:
 Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,
 That men have an ille use,
 (To ther own shame) women to blame,
 And causeless them accuse:
 Therefore to you I answer now,
 All women to excuse:
 M'yn own herte dere, with you what chere,
 I pray you tell anone;
 For in my mynd, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN.

It stondeth so; a dede is do,
 Wherefore moche harm shall growe:
 My destiny is for a dey
 A shameful deth, I trowe:
 Or ellis to flee: The one must be:

None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe, as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore adew, my own herte trewe;
 None other red I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

O Lord! what is this worldis blyffe,
 That changeth as the mone?
 My somers day, in lusty May,
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell; nay, nay;
 We departe not so sone:
 Why say you so? wheder wyl ye goe?
 Alas! what have you done?
 Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
 Shulde chaunge, if you were gon;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
 And shomwhat you distrayne;
 But afterwarde your paynes harde,
 Within a day or tweyne,
 Shal sone assake; and ye shal take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why should you nought? for to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne;
 And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As heartily as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode ge,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Now syth that you have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde ;
 I shall be playne to you againe,
 Like as ye shall me fynde.
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll goe,
 I wol not leve behynde :
 Shal never be sayd, the Nut-brown Mayde
 Was to her love unkynd.
 Make you redy ; for so am I,
 Although it were anone :
 For in my mynd, of all mankynd,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet I you rede, to take good hede,
 What men wyl think and sey ;
 Of yonge and olde it shal be tolde
 That ye be gone away :
 Your wanton wylle, for to fulfyll,
 In grene wode you to play ;
 And that ye myght for your delyte
 Noo lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye should thus for me
 Be called an yll woman ;
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe, of old and yonge,
 That I shuld be to blame ;
 Theirs be the charge, that speak so large,
 In hurting of my name.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 161

For I wyl prove, that feythfull love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your distrefs and heavyness,
 To part with you the same.
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,
 Trewe lovers ar they none:
 But in my mynd, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I counfel you, remember how,
 It is no mayden's lawe,
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe.
 For ye must there, in your hand bere
 A bowe ready to drawe:
 And as a theef thus must ye lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you gret harme may grow;
 Yet I had lever than,
 That I had to the green wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I think not nay; but as ye saye,
 It is noo mayden's lore;
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have said before,
 To come on fote, to hunt and shote,
 To get us mete in store.
 For so that I your company
 May have, I ask no more:

From which to parte, it maketh myn herte
 As colde as any ston,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and binde,
 Wythout pytee hanged to bee,
 And waver with the wynde.
 Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
 What reasons conde ye find?
 For sothe I trow, ye and your bowe
 Shuld draw for fere behynde.
 And no mervyle; for lytel avayle
 Were in your council than:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Full well knowe ye, that wymen be
 But febyl for to fyght:
 Noo womanhede it is in deede,
 To be bold as a knyght.
 Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
 With enemys day and nyght;
 I wolde withstonde, with bow in honde,
 To greve them as I myght:
 And you to save, as wymen have
 From dethe many one;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet take good hede ! for ever I drede,
 That ye coude not sustein
 The thorney weyes, the depe valeis,
 The snow, the frost, the reyn,
 The cold, the hete: For drye or wete,
 We must lodge on the playn;
 And us above, noon other rose,
 But a brake, bush, or twayne,
 Which sone, should greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wulde gladely than,
 That I had to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Syth I have here been partynere
 With you of joy and blyffe;
 I must also, parte of your woo
 Endure, as reason is.
 Yet am I sure of one pleasure;
 And shortly, it is this:
 That where ye bee, may seemeth, par-day
 I could not fare amys.
 Without more speeche, I you beseeche,
 That we were soon a-gone:
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for to gete,
 Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine;

M 4

Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of thred and twyne;
 Noon other house, but leys and bowes,
 To kever your head and myn.
 O myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
 Shuld make you pale and wan;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Among the wyld dere, such an archier,
 As men say that ye bee,
 We may not fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so great plente,
 And watir clere of the ryvere
 Shall be full swete to me;
 With which in helc, I shall right wele
 Endure, as ye shal see.
 And er we goe, a bed or two
 I can provide anone;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

M. A. N.

Loo! yet before, ye must do more,
 If ye wyl go with me:
 As cutte your here, ap by our ere,
 Your kurtel by the knee.
 With bowe in honde, for to wythstonde
 Your enemys, yf need be:
 And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-ward wyl I flee.
 And yf ye wille all this fulfyllc,
 Do it shortly as ye can:
 Ellis will I to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 185

W O M A N.

I shall as now do more for you,

Than longeth to womanhede,

To short my here, a bow to bere,

To shote in time of nede:

O my sweet moder, before all other,

For you have I most drede:

But now adieu, I must ensue

Where fortune duth me lede.

All this make ye, and lete us see:

The day run fast upon:

For in my mynde, of all mankynde,

I love but you alone.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not so: Ye shall not go:

And I shall tell ye why:

Your appetite is to be light

Of love, I wele espie.

For right as ye have said to me,

In lykewyse hardely

Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,

In way of company.

It is sayd of olde; ~~some hote, some colde;~~

And so is a woman;

Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,

Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede

Such wordis to say bee me:

For ofte ye pray'd, and long assayed,

Er I you lovid, par-dy.

And though that I of suncestry
 A baron's daughter be;
 Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
 A squyer of low degree;
 And ever shal, what so befall,
 To dey, therefore anone;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN:

A baron's childe to be beguyled,
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felaw with an outlawe,
 Almighty God forbede!
 It better were, the pore squyer
 Alone to forrest spede;
 Than ye shall saye, another daye,
 That by that wicked dede
 Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maide,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grene wode, go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

WOMAN:

Whatsoever befall, I never shalle
 Of this thing you upbraid;
 But yf ye go, and leave me so,
 Then have ye me betraid.
 Remember ye wele, how, that ye dele;
 For yf ye, as ye saide,
 Be so unkynde, to lye behinde
 Your love, the NUT-BROWN MAIDE:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 107

Trust me truly, that I shall dey
 Soon after ye be gone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yf that ye went, ye shulde repent;
 For in the forest now
 I have purveid me of a maide,
 Whom I love more than you,
 Another sayrer than e'er ye were;
 I dare it well avowe:
 And of you bothe, eche should be wrothe
 Wyth other, as I trows.
 It were myn ese, to lyve in pefe:
 So wyl I, yf I can:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

WOMAN.

Though in the wode, I understode,
 Ye had a paramour;
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I will be your.
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 And courteis every hour,
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
 Commaunde me, to my pow'r.
 For had ye loo, an hundred moo;
 Yet wolde I be that one:
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Myne own dere love, I see the prover,

That ye be kynde and trewe;

Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyf,

The best that ever I knew.

Be merry and glad; be no more sad;

The case is changed newe;

For it were ruthe, that for your trouth,

Ye shulde have cause to rewe.

Be not dismayed; whatsoever I say'd

To you when I began:

I wyl not to the grene wode go;

I am no banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Theis tidings be more glad to me,

Than to be made a quene:

Yf I were sure, they should endure:

But it is often seen,

When men wyl breke promise, they speke

The wordis on the splene.

Ye shap some wyle, me to begyle,

And stele fro me, I wene.

Then were the case wurs than it was;

And I more woo begon:

For in my minde, of al mankynde,

I love but you alone.

M A N.

Ye shall not nede further to drede:

I wyl not disparage

You. God defende; sith you defende

Of so grete a lynage.

Now underſtande, to Weſtmerlande,
 Whiche is my herytage,
 I wyl you bringe ; and with a ryng,
 By way of maryage
 I wyl you take, and lady make,
 As ſhortly as I can.
 Thus have ye wone an erlie's ſon,
 And not a baniſhyd man.

HENRY AND EMMA,

A P O E M,

Upon the model of the NUT-BROWN
 MAID.

To C L O E.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend; at whoſe command,
 (Tho' low my voice, tho' artleſs be my hand)
 I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing and play;
 Careleſs of what the cens'ring world may ſay:
 Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy ſerious brow?
 Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
 And with one heav'nly ſmile o'erpay his pains?

No longer shall the NUT-BROWN MAID be old;
 Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
 At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd;
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
 And while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
 O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me, love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
 O let the story with thy life agree;
 Let me once more the bright example see;
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
 But oh! with pity long intreated crown
 My pains and hopes; when thou say'st that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st; oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Ivis and her husband Tame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
 They call'd her Emma: for the beauteous dame
 Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name.
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
 Yet as when little round his knees she play'd;
 He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid:
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word;
 As still they please, who imitate their lord:
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun:
 The mutual terms around the land were known;
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
 Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair?
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find, report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd:
 By public praises, and by secret sighs
 Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
 Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justify'd their flame;
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes:
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forfakes:
 In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
 Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
 In his right hand his beachen pole he bears:
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 193

Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey,
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake;
And shews the path her steed may safest take.
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels, and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands;
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And heedlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair;
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes,
And by his look and sorrow is express'd
A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song:
While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first, which he reveals :
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know ;
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow.
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye ;
And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all, butauteous Emma's eyes :
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame ;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love :
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves ;
And much he meditates, for much he loves ;
He loves : 'Tis true ; and is belov'd again :
Great are his joys : But will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame :
But smiling, will she ever be the same ?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
And summer-seas are turn'd by sudden winds :

Another love may gain her easy youth :

Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers truth.

O! impotent estate of human life!

Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;

Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;

And most we question, what we most desire.

Among thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow

Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw

Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught

With nauseous grief : For our ill-judging thought

Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;

Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,

(Alternate tyrants to the human breast),

By one great trial he resolves to prove

The faith of woman, and the force of love:

If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find

That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,

He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;

And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.

But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;

If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,

Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;

His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,

The latent mischief from his heart to tear.

Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,

A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;

Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;

Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.

As active spring awak'd her infant buds,

And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;

Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his flame,
 Upon this tree : And as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark ;
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs ;
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair :
 Which as with gay delight the lover found ;
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown :
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct, and his life depend.
 Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd ;
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
 For diff'rent this from any former note,
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
 Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r ;
 And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep was laid,
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;

And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay,
 For love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid ;
 Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays ;
 And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
 Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find,
 Where Cupid goes ; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
 To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh :
 With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
 But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
 On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast :
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
 Attentive stood the mournful nymph : The man
 Broke silence first : The tale alternate ran.

M A N.

SINCERE O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real love ?

N 3

Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
 As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day;
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
 For lo! these hands in murder are embro'd;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay:
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens e'er 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames, which long have in my bosom reign'd;

The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His compliment of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed, at least my faith, approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day, nor night, shall interrupt my care:
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid:
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and part'ner of thy woe:
 For I attest fair Venus, and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say;
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
 And virgin-honour once, is always stain'd:
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
 Better not do the deed than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash our sin, can wash our shame,
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;
 And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:

Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse ;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise ;
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light ;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious fame :
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known ;
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But, canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow ?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love,
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove,

E M M A.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew :
 And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.

Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,
That I shou'd bear, or draw the warrior bow ;
With ready hand I will thy shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed, [bleed,
Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear ;
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid ;
Can they bear angry Jove ? can they resist
The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-east ?
When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
We tread with steps the longsome plain ;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood ;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste ; and weeping try

(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn:
 That gate forever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: One sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey:
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And chearful sit to wait my lord's return.
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer;
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
 With humble duty and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:

And when, at night, with weary toil oppress,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
 And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart: And grateful let him own,
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone. }

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me; what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
 Thou, e'er thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave thy habit, and thy sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
 In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound;
 No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waste,
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat,
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
 Shall stand uncouth: A horse-man's coat shall hide
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:

The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
 And with a bolder stride; and looser air,
 Mingl'd with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
 Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
 Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view :
 For such must be my friends, a hideous crew,
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene, and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches war ;
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake;
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
 No middle object to thy choice is giv'n.

Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

E M M A.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act, is prompted from within ;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
In vain the Sirens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest ;
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside :
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee ; My cloaths, my sex, exchange'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line extreme of human infamy !
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.

Black foot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Left by my look, or colour be express'd
 The mark of ought high-born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes.
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve; if he shall own,
 That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me; said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love [rove.
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame! [same.
 More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's
 And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech, and soft persuasion hung;

Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes to its aid;
 And, whilst its Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
 Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spight
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I may ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
 Each man is man, and all our sex is one.
 False are our words; and fickle is our mind:
 Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
 By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair;
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.

To be less wretched, be no longer true :
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new.
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
 The next man, (and the next thou shalt believe),
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep ? let nature judge our case ;
 I saw thee young and fair ; pursu'd the chase
 Of youth and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : Yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty : Bless'd vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms :
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
 If beauty's force to constant love can bind,
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And, weeping, follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :

Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love; [rove.
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most completely curs'd?
 Yet let me go with thee: And, going, prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,
 A servant: (She may scorn the name of friend.)
 What she demands incessant I'll prepare:
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
 My busy diligence shall deck her board;
 (For there at least I may approach my lord;)
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence; with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead:
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd;
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid,
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
 With frequent eye, my sepulchre may see.

VOL. I.

O

The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn Jove, and conscious Venus, hear,
 And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a trial too severe :
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth :
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious Earl: Him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess; for she has felt his sword,
 And, trembling, fled before the British lord.

Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
 And sees his num'rous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat:
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
 And, while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
 And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run;
 And age unheeded by delight come on:
 While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r:
 And when old time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
 What rests of both one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast,
 (That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest,)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

E M M A.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
 O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?

Will he be ever kind, and just, and good!
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
 None, none there is: The thought was rash and vain;
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
 Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
 And, unconcern'd, return the goods she lent.
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high as virtue can require;
 With power invested, and with pleasure chear'd,
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;

Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life, subservient only to thy joy;
 And at my death to blest thy kindness shown
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous croud;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store:
 That, when their god should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,
 All tip'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 These lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridl'd doves;
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
 And to the triumph call'd the God of War:
 Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
 But, when she sings great Edward from the field
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
 yield:

And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,

The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
 To sing her fav'rite Anna's wondrous reign;
 To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
 The British soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :
 Let her at least perform what I desire ;
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
 And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past ;
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
 Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove,
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear,
 And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd and bow'd : The Cyprian deity
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
 And thou, the smiling said, great god of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise :
 As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
 From every annual course let one great day,
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
 And everlasting marks of honour paid,
 To the true lover and the Nut-brown Maid

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THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

